

# AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD—By Harrison Fisher

*Carmen* had been to boarding school. "Papa," she said, "they're silly. Papa, am I one to fry tortillas and wipe babies' noses? Papa, I would be an artist and do *Carmen* stunts on the stage only, and draw salaries—so big—so big!"—and she flung her lovely arms apart, wide, wide, as she will never do for *Escamillo* or *Don Jose*.

Who of us remembers anything but Supervia Conchita in that parlor of the Grand Hotel—so young that she has not yet learned to dissimulate her joy in turning no matter what man into a burro?

Campanini heard of her at Havana where she made her debut and a furor.

last spring. A friend of his, a con-

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